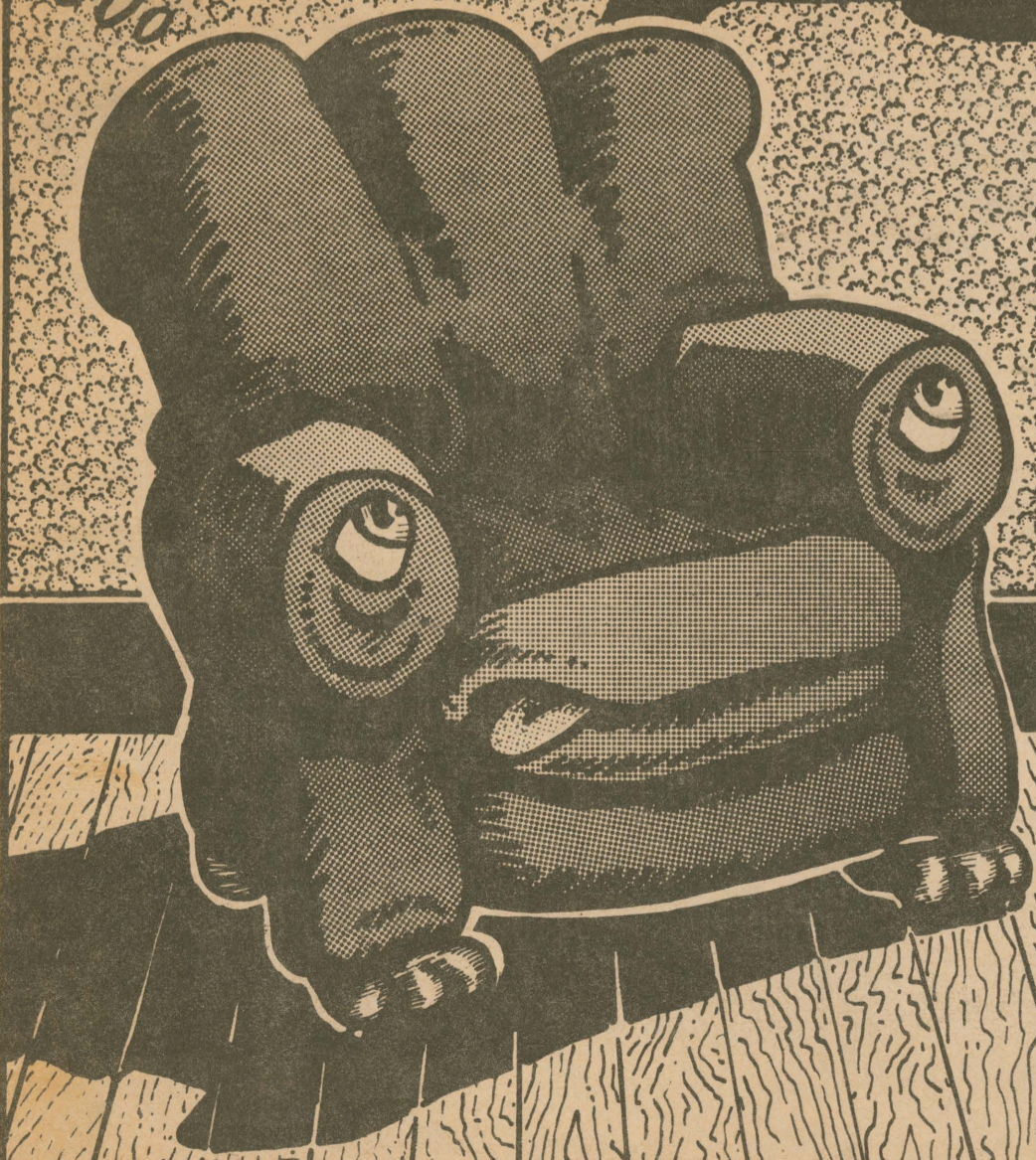
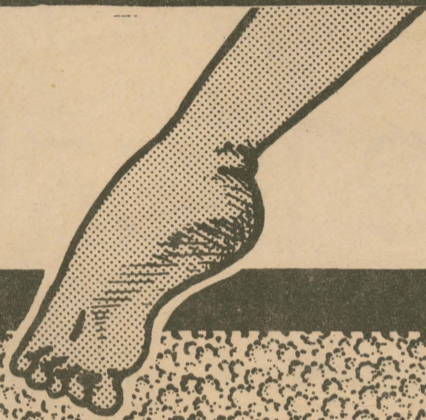


WESTPORT TRUCKER

25¢



NEON
ART



Poco's Richie Furay

Bob Wirth

It's a good morning and I'm feeling fine... Cowtown Ballroom

DENNIS GIANGRECO

Well, if you weren't already aware of it, Cowtown Ballroom is back and truckin' with the Poco concert and a Free Clinic benefit already under its belt. Although MANY things are in the works, the only things definitely scheduled (at this writing) are Wishbone Ash and the Steve Miller Band for the Costume Ball on Halloween night as well as Hot Tuna on a later date. People who have been trying to land the Grateful Dead for a Cowtown gig

ever since the ballroom opened, finally have them booked on November 13. Unfortunately, the Dead won't be in Cowtown. Their price was too high to make a gig there feasible. Instead, they will be playing in Memorial Hall which holds roughly a thousand more people. If your heart is saddened by that, you can comfort yourself with knowing that at one time Good Karma seriously considered bringing the Dead to the Municipal Audi. (ug!)

Luckily, saner heads prevailed and even though they could probably fill the 10,000 seat arena with both the Dead and Good Karma raking in a lotta green stuff it's nice to know they opted for QUALITY rather than quantity. Who knows? One of these days you might even turn on your radio and hear "Next week at Cowtown Ballroom: the Grateful Dead, Tuesday thru Sunday, advance tickets at..."

New Ballroom In Town & The Bank

If you've heard mumbings about another ballroom opening up there's something to them. It seems that the folks who own Nothing Special, a funky, freaky

"drinking establishment" across state line from Westport, are presently acquiring a much larger hall (500 capacity) so that they can present low priced "name"

bands and some of the dynamite local bands—KC Grits, Pilgrimage, Ewing St. Times, Morningstar, et al. If it actually does come off—and it looks like it will—they'll be able to do something that Cowtown Ballroom's high overhead has kept them from doing which is to be open every weekend and regularly showcase local talent. A buck admission to cover the costs of the bands. Beer to cover the costs of the hall. I hope they get it together.

The hall they're getting, by the way, was converted from an old bank in Rosedale (now KC, Kansas) hence their name; The Bank. Watch for more next issue.

Marijuana Initiative



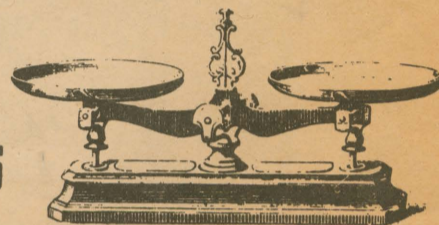
Many people have been wanting to know where they could go to sign the Marijuana Initiative. Below we have listed all the places that now have the petitions. Since we must notarize all the petitions before they are turned in, you will not find them tacked up to the walls. In most cases you will have to ask someone for a petition to sign. You must be a registered voter in Kansas City, Missouri to be eligible to sign the petition.

Campus Mad House, 312 Westport Rd.
Silver Cricket, 4044 Broadway
People's Law Office, 4108 Main
The Granary, 6 East 39th St.
Love Records, 3909 Main

Genuine Article, 2 East 39th St.
Rhyans Records, 10 East 39th St.
Maiden America, 18 East 39th St.
New Earth Bookstore, 1106 East 47th
Temple Slug, 43rd & Jefferson

If you'd like to circulate a petition we have one printed on page 13. Anyone can circulate a petition but they can only be signed by registered voters in Kansas City, Missouri. Please remember to ask people to sign it as they did on their registration card. After you've signed your petition, print your name in the space after the "P", and sign it in the blank behind "signed" then mail or bring it in to 4044 Broadway, K.C., Missouri.

LAWYERS GUILD ON GRAND JURIES



In the last two years approximately fifteen overtly political grand juries have been impaneled in about ten different cities around the country. More than 200 people have been subpoenaed to give testimony about their political activities. Several grand jury inquisitions are presently stalled because of legal questions however Guy Goodwin, chief radical headhunter, plans more politically motivated grand juries as soon as the Supreme Court rules on various challenges.

The National Lawyers' Guild opened a grand jury defense office in San Francisco last June to coordinate nationally the defense of grand jury witnesses. Besides acting as a clearing house the Guild office trains lawyers and legal workers in defense skills so that regional centers

can be established.

Members of the San Francisco office are travelling around the country presently conducting seminars on grand jury law. They will be in Kansas City November 11 and 12. The November 11th session will be for an overview and explanation of grand jury law. The entry fee is \$5 for lawyers and \$2 for law students, legal workers, and other interested people. The November 12th session will be a movement people session, aimed at explaining political issues involved and personal decisions such as whether or not to testify. There will be no charge for this session.

For more information, time and place call the Westport Peoples' Law Office, 4108 Main, phone

The phone number for the TRUCKER, the MARIJUANA INITIATIVE, the VOLKER PARK CONCERTS, and K.C. GRITS has been changed to

Volume 3, No. 7, Issue No. 56.

The WESTPORT TRUCKER is published biweekly by the Mother Love Tribe of Westport, Missouri. If you have anything to contribute in the way of art, information, writings, brown rice, etc., bring it down to 4044 Broadway, Kansas City, Missouri, 64111 or call [redacted]. Unsolicited manuscripts and art work that we do not use will be thrown out three weeks after receipt unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Subscription rates are \$5 for 26 issues and \$8 for 52 issues (foreign subscribers should add \$2). The TRUCKER is free to prisoners and overseas servicemen.

Street Dealers can pick up papers at the Silver Cricket, 4044 Broadway, and Love Records, 3909 1/2 Main. TRUCKERS are available to street dealers at 15¢ per copy and/or appropriate collateral. For information regarding retail and wholesale distribution, contact Joint Effort Distribution Co-op, 4419 Harrison, Kansas City, Missouri, 64110.

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Mr. Record, Englewood Plaza
UMKC AREA
Libra Bookstore, 5111 Troost

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Picadilly Fish & Chips, 211 E. 39th
Quik Trip, 39th & Warwick
Trading Post, 22 E. 39th
Maiden America, 18 E. 39th
Rhyans Records, 10 E. 39th
The Granary, 6 E. 39th
Genuine Article, 2 E. 39th
Cowtown Ballroom 3109 Gillham Plaza
The Lobby, 3605 Broadway
Vanguard Cinema 4307 Main
Love Records 3909 1/2 Main
Budget Tapes & Records, 4550 Main
Campus Mad House, 312 Westport Road
Unicom, 429 Westport Road
Bokonon, 431 Westport Road
Grain Exchange, 610 W. 48th on the Plaza
New Earth Bookstore, 1106 E. 47th
People's Law Office, 4108 Main
Temple Slug, 43rd & Jefferson
Twiggs, 3609 Broadway
Sharlies, 3830 Main
Continua, 1118 Westport Road
Asylum, 3807 Broadway
JOHNSON COUNTY
Choosey Beggar, 7619 Metcalf
Damaby & Sons, The Mall in KC Kansas
RIVER QUAY
Picadilly Fish & Chips, 25 E. 5th
Grass Hopper, 107 E. 5th
Dinkledorf's Deli, 512 Delaware
SOUTH K.C.
Grain Exchange, 8600 Ward Parkway
DOWNTOWN K.C.
Time To Read Bookstore, 7 W. 12th
K.C. KANSAS
Frozen Image, 47th & State Line
Damaby & Sons, Indian Springs Shopping
Center
Silver Cricket, 13 S. 18th
Nothing Special off Rainbow on W. 47th
NORTH K.C.
North Country Fair, 2008 Burlington
NORTH EAST KC
Tiger's Records, 2439 Independence Ave



Ginny Johnson

4008 Baltimore

NEW HOME FOR WESTPORT FREE HEALTH CLINIC

The Westport Free Clinic, formerly at the Alcazar Hotel, has moved two blocks south to our own building at 4008 Baltimore.

We have been working for the last three weeks preparing our new building for clinic operations. Now with our own building we have more and better examination rooms, our own lab, and larger more pleasant waiting rooms.

There are doctors, nurses, lab technicians, and a lot of nice people donating their time to help the community. Although their time and services are free, we do have new expenses. We do need more money for rent, supplies, and for the rejuvenation of our new building.

For the past year-and-a-half people in and around Westport have donated enough unsolicited funds to keep operations going. These donations have been our ONLY source of income. We have never received state or federal money.

Open house was September 30 and October 1st. Our first regular clinic was held Monday, October 2. We are now operating on our regular schedule.

Monday General medical session. 7p.m. sign in

Tuesday Family planning night 6-8p.m.
Wednesday Psych counseling 7-9 p.m.
Thursday Medical session 1p.m. sign in
Women's self help 8 p.m.

Friday Community referrals 1-3 p.m.

There is also someone at the clinic daily from 1 p.m. on to answer questions and make referrals. If you have any questions stop in or call. Our telephone number is 931-3236.

We believe that health care is a human right, not a privilege based on income or anything else; that health care means caring about people, not just treating their diseases; that an emphasis on health education, preventive medicine, de-mystification and de-professionalization of medicine must underlie all interactions between staff and patients; that no hierarchical structures can exist among clinic staff or between staff and patients.

We believe that the Free Clinic is a tool to build a new community and to change the health care system in America.

We exist for the betterment of community health. Stop in and see us; whether you are seeking help or seeking to help.

RICK IVONAVITCH

Fewer Troops

Saigon (AP) — South Korea now has more troops in Vietnam than does the United States, according to figures released today by the U.S. command.

U.S. Army strength dropped by 200 here last week, bringing the number of American servicemen in Vietnam to 35,900, the U.S. command reported. President Nixon has announced he will reduce U.S. troop strength in Vietnam to 27,000 by Dec. 1.

South Korea has given notice that it will withdraw its 38,000 troops from Vietnam beginning in December and will complete the phaseout by June.

K.C. Star, page 1, Oct. 2, 1972

The Pentagon - Five Sides to Every Story

DICK ARMSTRONG

Pentagon, remember, means that there are five sides to every story the US command deigns to release. This item from the front page of our local metropolitan daily, may be even more optimistically significant than its first editors thought.

The US has maintained 50,000 troops and quite a lot of equipment in South Korea since the war was ended there nearly twenty years ago. Each year the costs well exceed \$100 million. Attempts by some members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to reduce, or eliminate American forces in Korea have been countered by arguments from both the Nixon and South Korean administrations saying that country's defense capabilities are insufficient for self defense.

How then can a "Defenseless" country afford, either economically or

strategically, to field 38,000 soldiers several hundred miles from home? The Senate Foreign Relations Committee has testimony to answer the question: the Korean force, like others from our Asian allies is a mercenary one, ie. hired killers, paid for by American "aid". Instead of outfitting 38,000 American troops (probably at less expense) the US command has hired Koreans. The present administration, (and this is more Johnson's handiwork than Nixon's), calls this "Vietnamization"—a color game. Yellow people kill each other and America pays the bills

Something good can be salvaged out of this arrangement, all the same. With 38,000 combat-tested, yankee-outfitted soldiers returning to its shores, South Korea ought to gladly return a like number of the US army now there.

After all, there should be honor even among mercenaries.



FEED BACK

Dear Trucker Folks,

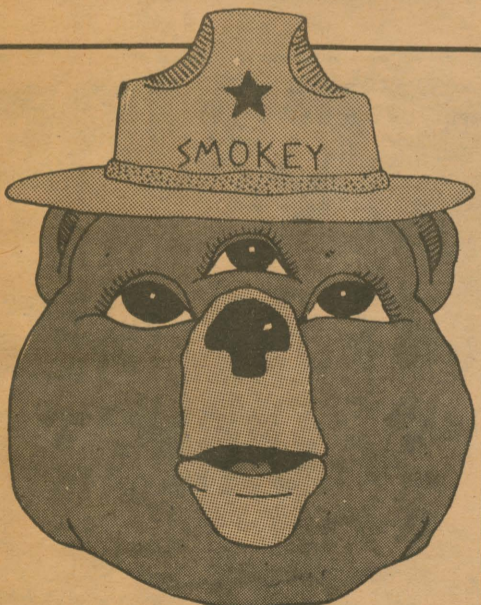
When I first arrived in Kansas City I picked up a Westport Trucker and read with great job about the KC Marijuana Initiative. It looked as if KC was going to turn out to be okay after all. So, what's wrong?

Nobody seems to be doing anything about it. I see a few people circulating petitions. I read a bit more about it in the Trucker. But that's about it. It is almost as if the entire initiative never existed. Has it been forgotten? Nothing is mentioned on the radio, even KBEY.

What kind of a place is this Kansas City, anyway? It looks as if everything is too stoned all the time to even get it together to further their own stoned cause. If this is the case, maybe they deserve the present laws.

I'm sorry if this sounds nasty, but the entire situation just amazes me. Kansas Citians, get off your stoned lazy asses.

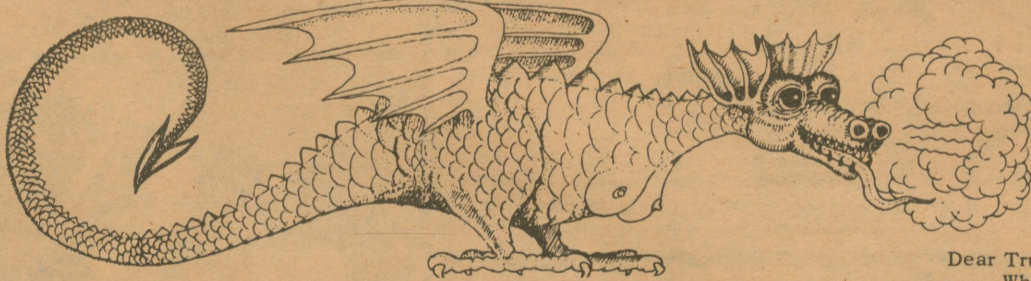
Betty



Mother Love People & Friends:

Dennis Giangreco, John Arnoldy, Peg McMahon Dick Armstrong, Cherie Blankenship, Naugah Hyde, Frank Kutchko, Kitty Litter, Dee Lux, David H. Perkins, Stephen Bland, Bobby Watson, Nancy Ball, Robert Foux, Bruce Wicket, Broccoli Prune Pit, Wayne Pycior, John Roller, Luther Goose, Brooks DeSoto, Ron Harper, Joe Schwind, Bill Philyaw, Bob Sebbo, Coc, Steve Campbell, Da Martz, Robert Brackmann, Sid Baker, Yahwe, Ben Dover, C. Howie Feels, Tom Rose, Cathy Lyon, Jonathon Postal, Steven Miles, Eric Menn, Bob Wirth, Walter Thompson, Dave Closson, Barbara Wilson, David Doyle, Franklin Martz, Bertram, Wayne, Renee, Jim Seitz, Kay Bonetti Red & Sheila. Rex Weiner, Muriel Mars.

"WE CALLZ'EM AS WE SEEZ'EM."



Dear Westport Trucker,

On September 22, I was walking south on Main Street in Independence. Glancing at the police station, I saw a policeman push a handcuffed young man into the entrance of the station. He had long hair. Then I noticed another policeman carrying a loaded-down back-pack into the building and I realized the man must have been a hitchhiker. I became involved in his case when I thought how a guy in a strange town with no friends would feel.

I phoned the booking desk and found his name was Bruce Stewart Blum, 21 from Virginia Beach. His bail was \$650.00 He could not receive visitors.

I told a couple of friends and we delivered some food and a letter to the booking desk for Bruce. As we were about to leave, we noticed an open window leading to the cells. We went to the window,

looked in, and saw Bruce. He told us he was charged with shoplifting, possession of marijuana and carrying a concealed weapon. He had stolen a piece of cheese and sausage and when he was apprehended, the knife hanging in a sheath from his belt was confiscated along with a half-ounce of grass in his pocket.

Bruce is still in jail awaiting trial next month. The two bonding companies in town would not post bond for out-of-towners. We are now in the process of getting a lawyer to help Bruce.

If you would like to help me help him, you can send money for his fine and lawyer to Debbie White, 417 Lynn, Independence, Missouri 64050. Or send your cards and letters cheering Bruce to: Bruce Stuart Blum, c/o Municipal Correctional Institution, 80100 Ozark Road, KC, Missouri.

Poetry Series

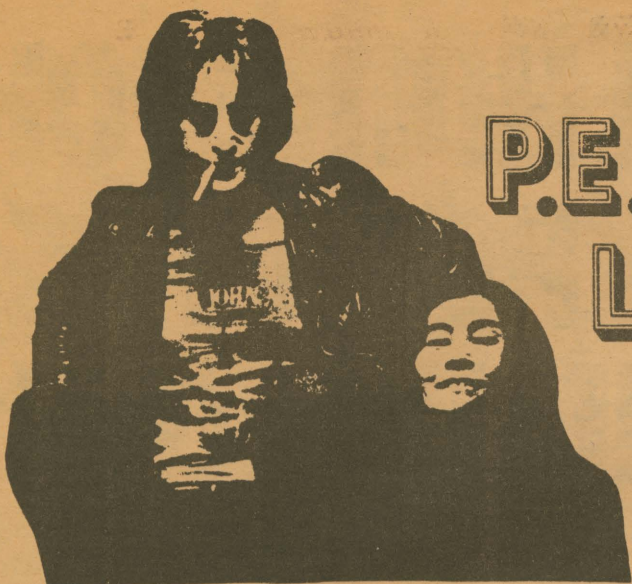
The Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes Road, is sponsoring the American Poet Series again this year as it has every year since 1961. The series, which has grown to be one of the best attended in the country, began September 21 when Mark Strand of New York City read from his work. The programs begin at 8 p.m., and gen-

erally last about 1½ hours. Single admission is \$1.50 adult, \$1.00 student. Series admission is \$5.00 adult, \$3.00 student.

Mona Van Duyn, St. Louis resident and a teacher at Washington University will read her poetry November 7. The recipient of the 1971 National Book Award for her work "To See, To Take", is also author of two

other volumes of poetry, "Valentines to the Wide World", and "A Time of Bess".

On December 7 Jonathan Holden, winner of this year's Devins Award (\$500 and publication by the University of Missouri Press), will read from his prize winning book. Holden is an alum of Oberlin College, received an M.A. from San Francisco State College, and is presently working towards a Ph.D. at the University of Colorado. He and his wife live in the nearby foothills of the Rockies in a geodesic dome they constructed last year.



P.E.N. SUPPORTS LENNON-ONO

The American Center of P.E.N., the prestigious international writers' organization has officially protested the threatened deportation of John Lennon and Yoko Ono Lennon from the United States. P.E.N. represents 10,000 member scri ves from 60 countries, 1200 in the American Center. It has consistently spoken out against repression of writers and censorship of their work.

The text of the statement, poetically penned by P.E.N. poet Allen Ginsberg, designates the rock star ex-Beatle as "poet musician" and wife Yoko as "conceptual author ess".

John and Yoko are awaiting a decision

on deportation proceedings. They have applied to become permanent residents of the United States because they like it here and because they have been awarded custody of Kyoko, Yoko's eight year old daughter by a previous marriage, on condition that they remain in the United States.

The moral impact of P.E.N.'s condemnation has helped well-known writers to gain release from political custody in various countries. In the spring of 1972, P.E.N. was influential in gaining the release of Italian newspaperman Valerio Ochetto, jailed in Czechoslovakia for alleged subversive activities. Protest against the jailing of Greek

and Spanish writers have been followed by the release of some. P.E.N. protests figured in the widely reported stories of repression and censorship of Boris Pasternak and Alexander Solzhenitsyn in the Soviet Union. Most recently P.E.N. protested the expulsion of the latter from the Union of Soviet Writers. In July of 1971 Brazilian playwright Augusto Boal and American playwright-actor-directors Julian Beck and Judith Malina of the Living Theater, were released soon after P.E.N. protested their arrest in Brazil.

As early as 1933 American delegates to P.E.N.'s International Congress moved to censure the Nazis for repressing freedom and

forced the withdrawal of the German Center. P.E.N. was organized in England in 1921 with John Galsworthy serving as its first president. The American Center was established in 1922 with Booth Tarkington as president. It is an affiliate of UNESCO. John Lennon is the author of two published books, "I n His Own Write," and "Spaniard in the Works," and Yoko Ono of one, "Grapefruit." John has also written the lyrics of hundreds of published songs, some in collaboration with Yoko.

The full text of Ginsberg's statement for P.E.N. is as follows: "It is with great pleasure that we wish to add P.E.N. American Centers's great Roc's voice to the vast chorus of poetic larks and Ambassadorial Editorial Owls who've already raised cries throbbing to Heav'n that American shores, woods and lakes not be banned to the great swan of Liverpool, John Lennon poet musician (in the line of descent of Campion, Waller and Dowland, fellow language-ayre minstrels celebrated in the great tree of Britain's poesy) and his paramour wif conceptual Authoress Yoko Ono, birds of a feather."

"Such mighty creatures as these who've winged oer Atlantic's deeps to Mannahatta Isle are threatened to be cast hence for once consuming hemp leaves in their home nesting ground. So tiny a natural pecadillo, and so great a cage, as large as the world, to keep them out of America!"

"May all the chorus of singing creatures on Turtle Island (North America) bid them welcome to stay immigrate here including even the lonely near extinct Federal Bald Eagle."

EATs

BARBARA

Pumpkin season is here. There are pumpkins on view in the grocery stores, soon to be purchased for fall centerpieces. They look nice alongside Indian corn. By the end of October there will be a pumpkin in every home disguised as a jack-o-lantern. On into November there will be pumpkin pies gracing tables. By the end of December pumpkin bread and perhaps even pumpkin cookies will be made. And that's it. The end of pumpkin season; a three month affair.

It doesn't have to stop here. Pumpkin can become a year-round food. Try to consider the pumpkin as a main course as well as a dessert. It is an extremely flexible food. Once a basic pumpkin mixture is achieved, flavored to your own tastes, almost anything can be made from it.

Before even considering how to use a pumpkin mixture, the pumpkin must be made into usable form. If it is pumpkin season you can buy a pumpkin. The alternative is to buy canned pumpkin.

The only disadvantage with using canned pumpkin is that it is canned and is therefore not fresh. Otherwise it is inexpensive, good and easy. Use caution when buying canned pumpkin. In most grocery stores two kinds of canned pumpkin are available. One kind is just plain old canned pumpkin, the other is called something like "pumpkin pie mix". The pie mix variety comes already flavored for use as a dessert. To avoid this read the labels. Don't get confused if what looks like plain pumpkin has a recipe for pumpkin pie on the back of the can or says on the front, "enough pumpkin for one pie". This is printed on the label since most people buying pumpkin are planning on making a pie. It does not necessarily mean, however, that the spices have already been added. One sure method of determining if what you have is plain or fancy pumpkin is to read the recipe on the back. If the recipe includes spices then most likely there are no spices in the can.

If you are opposed to using any kind of canned food or have a sudden burst of energy or a lot of time on your hands you may choose to buy a real pumpkin. I hope you have more luck than I. First cut into the pumpkin to get it open. A good knife is necessary. Remove the seeds. Save them for toasting if you like toasted pumpkin seeds. They are very nutritious. Next cut the pumpkin into pieces that will easily fit into a saucepan. Add water and cook until the pumpkin is soft and can be easily removed from the pumpkin shell. It would probably also work to steam the pumpkin. After the pumpkin is scraped off the shell, mash it up with a fork. It is now ready for use in a pumpkin recipe.

Whenever I have tried cooking a real pumpkin the result is stringy and watery. It may be that I just can't cook pumpkin. It has been said, however, that the pumpkins sold in grocery stores are bred mainly for decorative purposes and not for good eating quality. This may be valid. It may also be a rumor started by someone who couldn't cook pumpkin successfully, like myself. If someone tells you another method of cooking pumpkin, by all means try their way. I am a failure and have opted to the canned variety.

Once the pumpkin is cooked and mashed, or the can opened, flavor it...with anything. Try herbs, onions, garlic, chili powder, soy sauce, tahini, miso, salt, nuts, brown rice, bean sprouts, cheese, celery, parsley, cooked beans, tomatoes...When making the pumpkin concoction that pleases me most I first put some pumpkin into a saucepan. Chopped onion, chopped parsley, soy sauce, bean sprouts and ground cumin are added to this. After it has been heated well I add some cheese and just let it barely melt. This is good plain, or maybe with some lettuce and tomatoe slices.

The possibilities are endless once you get a flavored pumpkin mixture you like. Thin it with milk and use it as a soup or a sauce. Use it as a sandwich spread. Make toasted cheese and pumpkin sandwiches. Try pumpkin tacos. Dip homemade crackers in it. Make a pumpkin omelette or even a non-dessert pumpkin pie.

Another note about parsley: In the last issue some amazing nutritional information information about parsley was given. If you buy this wonder-food and throw it in the re-

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Pvt. Wesley Williams was acquitted of charges of possession of marijuana at Ft. Hood, Texas, by a jury that deliberated only five minutes. Even a Brass-infested military "jury" couldn't stomach the military judge,

Col. Adair. Refusing to disqualify himself when charged with being a racist, Col. Adair replied, "Why, just last month I tried a colored boy and found him innocent." (Fatigue Press)

PRISONERS UNIONS A RIGHT

At a press conference in Lansing Michigan on September 11, 1972, members of the Michigan committee for prisoners rights (MCPR) informed the straight media of the prisoners' constitutional right to form a union.

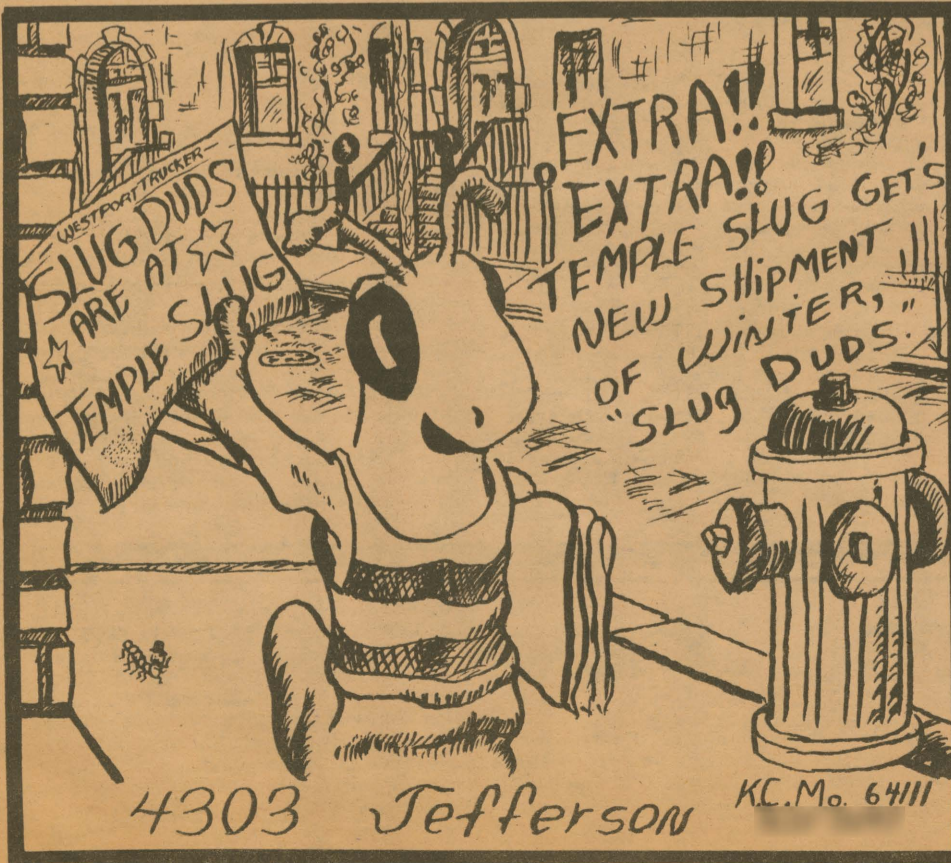
First to speak at the conference was Pun Plamondon who was, in 1970, on the FBI's 14 most wanted list for conspiracy to bomb the CIA complex at the University of Michigan. He argued for the men and women working in the prisons.

He said that men and women working making road signs in state parks, license plates, shoes, mops, brooms, clothes, etc are doing work that is essential to the functioning of the state. Yet they are paid only 35¢ a day, not enough to buy a package of cigarettts or a tube of toothpaste. Pun believes that those people are being held as slaves, not prisoners, and proposed that the state of Michigan recognize the formation of a labor union for prisoners.

Next, John Sinclair, chairman of the Rainbow People's Party, who has spent 2½ years in Michigan prisons for two joints of marijuana talked about the early activities of the prisoners' labor union organizers. He said prison officials tried

frigerator, it will turn into a goey mess in a couple of days. There is a way to keep it in good form for a week or more. Wash it off and either lay it between towels for awhile or shake it and leave in a colander until the excess water drains off. Then store in a jar with a tight lid in the refrigerator.

Crazy Bill



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Celestial NAVIGATION

STEPHAN

I finished writing my last Trucker column for "Celestial Navigators" early in the month of August when the 'esprit de corps' toward the Democrat, George McGovern, was high in the youthful ranks of the voting populace. As yet, Tom Eagleton had not felt compelled to resign from the ranks of Vice-Presidential contention; I, too, have lost some of my glamorized views of the man, but still He's a better HUMAN BEING than Nixon!

Nixon and McGovern are astrological OPPOSITES. Nixon is a Capricorn, born in the winter months, while McGovern is a Cancerian, born with the sun at its hottest phase in June-July. I do not believe that, while Nixon is a Capricorn, this should make him the anal person he seems to be; there are many "New Age Capricorns": Rod Stewart, the song writer of "Maggie May". Capricorn is the sign of age and experience, and Stewart's lyrics run typical to his zodiacal identity: "The morning sun lights up your face and shows your AGE/ But that don't bother me none; in my eyes you're everything."

The fact remains that Nixon may be what we term an "unevolved Capricorn". He seems to take the negative features of the sign and to manifest them exclusively: His emphasis is on his own public security and status to the neglect of human qualities; he confines himself to running the Establishment (ruled by Capricorn/Saturn) smoothly. McGovern is not, as we've seen WITHOUT fault, but as a Cancer, he seems to be domestically oriented and, since Cancer is patriotic, his heart is with the country.

McGovern is actually on the Cancer/ Gemini cusp, giving him some of the vocal, persuasive powers associated with the sign of Mercury, the messenger. The "Gemini influence" in a natal chart focuses on communication and dialogue; John Kennedy was a Gemini who embarked readily on the prospect of debates with Nixon. Notice how McGovern expressed his desire to DEBATE with the President! McGovern also stated that he had established a "dialogue" when radicals launched their coup on his hotel lodgings in Miami Beach. There are some who say that

the Democrat had no choice in this matter, but I believe it was not the political necessity alone which compelled him to discuss his words on Asia in the hotel. Perhaps it is currently McGovern's vicissitudes which bother his supporters (again associated with Gemini), but I believe the man is at least conscientious. Shall we say out in the open? Despite the fact that he dismissed Eagleton (a mistake), he openly admitted that it was a political decision; that there were too many people willing to forsake their belief in him because of his running mate; that he personally believed that Eagleton's past illness would have no effect on his merit in office... I ask, would Nixon have been this candid? Would Nixon have allowed a "dialogue" with those who opposed his views. Hell, no!

Saturn is Nixon's ruling planet and, regardless of the changes in his political appearance (perhaps due to progressions in his chart), he is still conservative to the letter. McGovern, on the other hand, has at least the quality of being open. On his television spot you hear him commenting, "You won't catch me going behind someone's back." Nixon, as I mentioned in another column has, in addition to his saturnine gravity, Pluto, the planet of the underworld, positioned in his 10th natal house of the public, indicating, perhaps the need to conceal himself, McGovern has the moon (public) in Taurus and, since the moon symbolizes response, and Taurus is a fixed, conservative sign at times, it was his reaction (moon) to public sentiment (again, moon) in the conservative mode of the sign in which the moon falls (Taurus) which might have accounted for his dropping Eagleton.

Still, McGovern is the better man (and

who isn't susceptible to conservative reactions at times?) McGovern has some of the Mercurial, open qualities of a John Kennedy. His dropping of Eagleton was unfortunate, but he, along with the other Democratic contenders, may have been under some adverse "Neptunian aspects" at the time he made the choice of his running mate. Neptune among other things, is a deceiving influence when it has decisive aspects in a chart... If McGovern were running in 1976, the anniversary of our Declaration of Independence—signed when the sun was in Cancer (McGovern's sign)—his election would have much better prospects.

QUESTION: Do animals born under a sign of the Zodiac have astrological characteristics? What about animal differences in a litter of kittens?—D. Buer.

Animals do, in fact, have astrological traits. I have done no serious research into the matter, but I know of one animal (a cat) who has a decidedly "Libran" appearance—a very beautiful creature since Libra is the sign of attractive looks. He was born on the Libra/Scorpio CUSP, so that he alternates between mellowness and temper. I believe that, as animals get older, they manifest qualities of their sun-sign. However, as infantile beings, they are largely influenced by siblings, environment and other "externals", accounting for differences. Other theories are, undoubtedly, available.

Women's Liberation is having rap groups at various times in order to accommodate all who want to attend. If you are interested in joining a rap group, call Nancy Or at



STREET CHRISTIANS

BROTHER TOM BARLOW

Here's a picture of all the brothers and sisters who are living at Westport's Christian commune, the House of Agape. Agape is really two houses which are at 4310 and 4304 Harrison Street, right next door to each other. There are probably some familiar faces in this picture. That's because a lot of us are from this area. Most of us have been Christians only two years or less, and the people here cover a wide variety of back grounds: from the Kansas City street scene to Mission Hills, South America, junk, Zen Buddhism, Astral Projection, etc; and a brother named Bruce is one of the only people

I've ever met who REALLY is from Boulder.

There are a couple other Christian houses in the city which are set up in a similar fashion. Christian houses serve as places for people to come, as God leads them, to live together with other brothers and sisters, growing in the Lord.

The House of Agape also serves as a crash pad for any one who needs a place to sleep. Almost every night there are hitchhikers who are trucking around the country crashing at the house. Also, every night about 5:30 we have dinner and feed any one that needs something to eat. Just recently we built a huge barbeque pit in our backyard and while the weather is still nice, on Saturdays at 6 p.m. we have barbeques.

In most ways the house is drastically different from most of the institutional churches that many kids were brought up in. Basically, we believe in the simplicity of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and we propound the simple and pure love, peace, and brotherhood that He preached.

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Washington, DC: "It's a damned lie. You can say that!" We were asking Arthur Berry Richardson of New York about reports that his airline, Air America, was one of the biggest opium shippers in the world. "We've discussed them at our board meeting, these scurrilous articles. There's no substance to them."

Last month Harper & Row published Alfred McCoy's long-awaited book, "The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia." The heavily documented book is based on some 240 interviews with CIA agents, Bureau of Narcotics officials, top Laotian military commanders, and opium-growing Meo tribesmen. And it presents striking evidence that Air America has been flying Meo-grown opium out of north and northeast Laos since 1965.

When asked specifically about McCoy's interviews with the Meo opium farmers whose harvest was flown out on Air America, all Arthur Richardson would say was, "Some guy thinks he's clever. Just take my word for it. Goodbye!"

Interviews with the publicity-shy directors of Air America tend to be brief but emotional affairs. For years Air America, the CIA's "private" charter airline in Southeast Asia, has indignantly denied any involvement in the Southeast Asian heroin traffic. This year, though, fewer people than ever seem inclined to take their word for it.

Air America's motto is "Anything, Anytime, Anywhere—Professionally" and it is no idle boast. From dusty airstrips in the Meo hill country they have been airlifting the raw opium to laboratories in Long Chieng or Vientiane where it is refined into No. 4 heroin (90-99% pure), then smuggled abroad by Corsican gangsters or Laotian diplomats for ultimate disposal in U.S. markets. The Opium trail leads from the poppy fields of the Southeast Asian "Fertile Triangle" (of Burma, Thailand, and Laos, which now produce over 70% of the world's opium supply) to Saigon, Hong Kong, or Marseilles, and then right to the waiting arms of America's estimated one million heroin users.

In separate interviews, Laotian Generals Ouane Rattikone and Thao Ma both told McCoy that Air America began flying opium to markets in Long Chieng and Vientiane in 1965. General Ouane Rattikone was until last year owner of the largest heroin refinery in Southeast Asia. General Thao Ma is former com-

"Glories of War" Exhibit at Metcalf South



RANDY BARNES VVAW

The above 'combat art' was not included in the "Glories of War" exhibit.

OZ

Metcalf South Shopping Center is currently showing, "U.S. Navy Combat Art". The pathetic theme of the "Glories of War" is viewed here in 69, count em, paintings from all our past wonderful wars and a few from Nam. This center as well as Indian Springs has turned down peace groups requests to leaflet or display peace literature and has had Trucker hawkers either busted or chased off the malls by their own rent-a-cops. They turned down the Vietnam Veterans Against the War when they asked permission to leaflet also, but War is okay to them. We understand that the dude that runs these centers has

"Nixon" tattooed on his forehead.

This combat art exhibit has been viewed in over 40 cities so far. All of them have been fairly small. But the idea behind these exhibits is not to promote art in any form but really is a Recruiting dodge. Most of the Navy personell on duty at this exhibit are Navy recruiters and they make sure that all are exposed to the glories of Navy life. They admitted to this reporter that this exhibit is a boon to their recruiting campaigns. On Saturday and Sunday they had N.J.R.O.T.C. drill teams complete with bayonet drill to impress the fountain long hairs.

Metcalf South has a past history of not wanting long hairs as customers, and we feel that their request should be honored. That is, all of us should find their mall a convenient place to gather and smoke, but not to shop. They have "many fine stores geared to our tastes and wants", but they discourage us to come there and do this. I wonder what the store owners think of this negative attitude? Last year we instituted a boycott against the city of Overland Park and it came off very well, let's try it here. Remember Metcalf South is a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to shop there!!!

A caption on one of the paintings shown says, "With heavy gear on their backs and holding their weapons high, tense men cautiously breast the waves as they splash thru the surf to the beach. It is important to keep their weapons dry and to be surefooted and, though the beach is short distance from the LC-1 that the troops have just left, the shore seems far away and there is a constant feeling of uneasiness until the men emerge from the surf to solid ground"...Nuff said...

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mander of the Laotian Air Force.

After several more interviews in Vientiane, McCoy told us he took a bus out of Luang Prabang, hitched a ride on a government truck and, when the road gave out, started hiking over the mountains. By nightfall he reached a small village, spending a sleepless night under a thin thatched roof. "There was always the sound of a plane somewhere," he said. "Sometimes it was far away and sometimes it seemed right overhead. And every so often you would hear the sound of its mini-guns going off—600 rounds a minute at who knows what, anything that sets off its infrared detectors, anything that moves or breathes or gives off warmth."

The next morning McCoy and an interpreter walked down from the mist-enveloped mountains into the village of Long Pot, 10 miles west of the Plain of Jars. There, under the shadow of 6,200 foot Mt. Phou Phachau, which dominates the entire district, McCoy had reached the head of the Opium Trail.

The village of Long Pot is a Meo community of 47 wooden dirt-floored houses. It is one of 12 Meo and Lao Theung villages that make up Long Pot District. One of the oldest Meo villages in Northeast Laos, it has a tradition of political power and is the home of District Officer Ger Su Yang. According to Ger Su Yang, the village households produce 15 kilos (33 pounds) of opium apiece. They are guaranteed an adequate food supply by Air America rice drops. In return, officers of the CIA's "clandestine army" (led by the Meo Chieftain Vang Pao) pay them a high price for the opium. The source of Vang Pao's money, of course, is the CIA.

Long Pot is one of the few remaining areas in Northeast Laos where opium history can still be observed: close enough to Long Chieng still to be controlled by Vang Pao but far enough to escape the fighting. The Meo tribesmen's only cash crop is opium, and the CIA's deal with Vang Pao, baldly put, comes to this: you send us soldiers and we'll buy your opium. The 47 households' harvest of 700 kilos of opium will yield 70 kilos of pure morphine base after it has been boiled, processed, and pressed into bricks. Then further processed in one of the region's seven heroin labs, the Long Pot harvest will yield 70 kilos of No. 4 heroin. Worth \$500 to the villagers of Long Pot, it will bring \$225,000 on the streets of New York or San Francisco.

Formerly Long Pot's opium harvest was brought up by merchant caravans, but these stopped coming after fighting intensified in 1964 and 1965. They were replaced by pony caravans of Vang Pao's men. But the 1969, 1970, and 1971 opium harvests were flown out in Air America UH-1H "Huey" helicopters.

District Officer Ger Su Yang described the rendezvous with Air America: "Meo officers with three or four stripes (captain or major) came from Long Chieng to buy our opium. They came in American helicopters, perhaps two or three men at a time. The helicopter leaves them here for a few days and they walk to villages over there (swinging his arm in a semi-circle in the direction of Gier Goot, Long Makhay and Nam Pac), then come back here and radio Long Chieng to send another helicopter for them. They take the opium back

to Long Chieng." The pilots were always Americans, and the Meo army traders did the buying.

The headman of Nam Ou, a Lao Theung village four miles north of Long Pot, confirmed the district officer's account. In 1969 and 1970, Meo officers helicoptered into Tan Son village, hiked to Nam Ou, and purchased the opium harvest, then continued on their way to Nam Suk and Long Pot.

The harvest of 1971 may well have been Long Pot's last. In return for the rice drops

and opium purchases, Vang Pao and the CIA kept demanding soldiers. USAID (United States Agency for International Development) build a school in the village, and "Mr. Pop" (Edgar Buell, then the CIA's chief operative in Laos) had high hopes for the place, but in 1970 Vang Pao demanded that all the young men in the village, including 15 year olds, join his army fighting the Pathet Lao. Ger Su Yang complied and they were flown away by Air America helicopters in late 1970.

But reports of heavy casualties came in and the village refused to send more. Ger Su Yang described what happened next, "The Americans in Long Chieng, said I must send all the rest of our men. But I refused. So they stopped dropping rice to us. The last rice drop was in February this year."

Fight or starve—this was the CIA's answer to the villagers of Long Pot. Air America flew the villages young men away to fight and returned their corpses to the village—professionally wrapped in sanitary plastic bags.

For the CIA the Meos offered a convenient instrument for keeping alive their war in Laos, but for the Meos their alliance with the CIA and Air America has only brought disaster. They have been decimated and the survivors have fled the hills for the refugee camps around Long Chieng. Long Pot's 1972 opium harvest was destroyed when "allied" fighters napalmed the village and three nearby Lao Theung villages. And Vietnam's National Liberation Front reported that on January 10, 1972, units of the Lao People's Liberation Army took Long Pot.

Because of the fighting, in fact, Laos will only account for a fraction of Southeast Asia's estimated 1,000-ton 1972 harvest, and Air America may be shipping more dead bodies than opium this year.

Revelations like these in McCoy's book made the CIA so nervous that they contacted the publisher and insisted on a prior review, an unprecedented move. After considerable arm-twisting, Harper & Row reluctantly agreed but found the CIA's critique of the book unimpressive and went ahead with publication anyway.

Since the CIA is Air America's major contractor, the trail of responsibility leads directly to the Executive Branch of the US government. It neatly undercuts all the "law and order" statements flowing from the White House. The Opium Trail could just by the hottest issue in the 1972 Presidential elections, if the McGovern campaign decided to capitalize on it.

Jim Morrell/Pacific News Service

Nixon's 'New Front' in Drug War



President Richard Nixon, in his continuing drive for four more years of power, has vowed that he will cut off all economic and military aid to any country whose leaders protect "the merchants of death who traffic in heroin."

The statement came while the president was selecting his latest bid for office, an international narcotics control conference to respond to criticism from the opposition concerning his war on drugs.

Quotes from the president credited the dry spell in heroin traffic in the Eastern States to his pressure on the criminal drug trade.

The U.S. Diplomats co-ordinating the conference were asked to convey his personal assurance that "any government whose leaders participate in or protect the activities of those who contribute to the drug problem will be suspended from all American economic and military assistance."

"Our goal," Nixon said, "is the unconditional surrender of the merchants of death who traffic in heroin, and a total banishment of drug abuse from American life.

"We are going to fight the evil with every weapon at our command.

"Our children's lives are what we are fighting for and our children's future is the reason we must succeed.

The whole thing came out of a McGovern statement issued Sunday charging that Southeast Asia has become a major source of heroin because of failure within the Nixon administration to crack down on the narcotics trade in Laos, Thailand and South Vietnam.

McGovern also blamed Nixon for the fact that the number of addicts within their own country has doubled since 1968.

Nixon, understandably, denied any reference to McGovern's charges stating he had established his "aggressive international narcotics control program" because "The men and women who operate the global heroin traffic are a menace to American's alone but to all mankind."

It will be interesting to see if Nixon will follow through on his threat, cutting off aid to South Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Thailand and finally...the CIA.

McGOVERN

In Corpus Delecti

DICK ARMSTRONG

When George McGovern walked up to the microphone in Union Station last Friday night and began talking 50,000 pairs of eyes strained to see him. There was some pushing and shoving, the air was hot, and some people had been standing waiting for an hour and a half. They were surprisingly good natured about the crush all round them, and the obvious reason was that 90% of those present were under 30 and healthy. I suspect most of them had been McGovern partisans since last spring. Stalwarts, there were, converts, no. All the rally needed to be a triumph, instead of success, was about 10,000 voters from the city's working class wards who were for Humphrey, Wallace, Muskie et al. before the convention and who are talking now about not voting for President.

It was natural then that the feeling among the crowd was something akin to religious fervor—which is frightening and necessary. If you are in a room with 25,000 chanting people and you share some of their general convictions then it's a spirited group of allies. But if the room is all you share, it's a mob. Though frightening this year's situation differs little from the Kennedy rallies of '60, or the McCarthy and Kennedy rallies in '68.

The fervor that electrified Friday night was necessary because the reason McGovern took every for Kennedy four years ago, the same reason McGovern announced his candidacy more than a year ago is still alive: the war in Indochina.

The slaughter both sides are lustily engaged in has become progressively more senseless with every pronouncement of the Nixon administration, culminating with Defense Secretary Laird's recent admission that the U.S. considers cutting off all "aid" to South Vietnam a reasonable possibility in any peace settlement. In other words, if the Viet Cong will stop fighting and their rocket blitzes long enough for the American forces to exit with some semblance of grace the North can have the South. For without our "aid" the South Vietnamese are helpless as proven again this year in the weeks prior to Nixon's blockade May 8.

There were a few references to the war in McGovern's comments Friday night. In toto, he said very little of substance and almost nothing to inspire the crowd. What happened to the man (last seen in California) who was going to educate as he spoke? The new Social Security increases, his concern for the plight of the elderly, the Watergate wiretap and the President's anonymous campaign donors were the speech's touchstones. He hopes "to square our policies and practices with the ideals written into the precious founding documents of this nation." "I call America home to the great ideals... let's never again send the young men of this country to bail out a corrupt military dictatorship." McGovern said he wanted "to restore hope, dignity, and pride to the American people." Those are the standard sentences his crowd speeches revolve around lately, and however noble they are




WAYNE PYCIOR

hardly enlightening.


Watching McGovern's performance since the convention it should be more clear than ever that all will not change should he be elected. The President is but one, albeit the most important one, component of the government's structure. And that structure is filled to the brim with mental and moral cripples, passive sheep, and the pawns of big money. I think Robert Kennedy was very nearly right in calling McGovern the "most de-

cent man in the Senate" but remember the competition: Strom Thurmond, John Tower, Robert Byrd, etc. Hailing McGovern as "Mr. Integrity", as someone did Friday night, is not only a relative thing but a disfavor to him and to ourselves as well. McGovern is still part of the system whose politics are more often what can be rather than what should be.

He is a flawed specimen, but he's all there is.



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REVIEWS



Marc Bolan / Miniature Dervish

SMOKESCREEN & WARPED GUITARS

STEVEN MILES

When I was let out in front of Memorial Hall I was confused. T-Rex has two distinct personalities—Tyranosaurus-Rex the occult chanting acoustic creature, and T-Rex, the electric rhythmic piledriver. Which was I going to see? The audience was even more bewildered than I was. The only thing they were sure of was the Doobie Bros.

The Doobies opened the evening with a musically exceptional set. It's good to hear good clean voices in good harmony. The band was tight and a good deal more rocking than their "Toulouse Street" album. The band is easily driven along by Tom Johnson and Patrick Summers on guitars, some fine bass playing by Brian Porter, and drummer-conga player Michael Hossack and John Hartman. (However, the necessity of having two

drummers still escapes me.)

The band is similar to the Allman Bros. and shares the same failing—that is, a certain non-descriptness in its music. For example, the Doobies' biggest number in terms of crowd response is "Disciple". The song is merely a hybrid of Allman Bros. music and old Moby Grape vocals with the stage show directly lifted from Black Oak Arkansas. It lacked individualism. The traditional drum solo was good, involving everything from the electric fan to the floor, but the fact still remains one drum solo is no more exciting than another. Finishing the solo the entire drum kit and drummer was enveloped in red smoke, then white fogged the stage. Which brings me to what I objected to most about the bands performance—it's theatrics. The smoke screen

was a real load of crap which the audience loved. Fortunately the screen and the leaping about the stage didn't cover up for anything lacking in the music. It's a pleasure to listen to the Doobie Brothers, but a pain to watch them.

The first suggestion of T-Rex's designs for the evening was large cabinets of amps and electric guitars which were being positioned on stage. The band appeared on stage, the lights came up. Now all that was needed was the Gnome. Bolan made his entrance wearing glitter eye-shadow and sequined blouse with a low V neck—the electric superstar Vamp. Plugging in Bolan opened with a stomping rendition of "Main Man".

Beset by technical problems from the beginning and playing through the shittiest sound system I've heard, Bolan made the best of it chatting with the audience: "Have patience, when you travel with instruments you simply must". On his favorite guitar, "I've had this guitar for seven years. It's the best guitar I've ever had. It's a little warped... Aren't we all!"

"Telegram Sam" lacked the power it had on record. The background vocals on this song, as on most, was obliterated. Bolan then began his acoustic set "Spaceball Ricochet" and "Cosmic Dancer" began to happen. Bolan's mystique began to work on the audience. Seated on the apron of the stage, sipping beer, Bolan rendered both songs in very good form. It was then that we were given a glimpse of Tyranosaurus-Rex. However it was more. Marc could not capture the flavor of the original. In his golden glitter he merely parodied his own past. Following this the band launched into its two crowd pleasers, "Jeepster" and "Bang a Gong" and the miniature dervish had returned. By throwing tamborines to the audience and himself about the stage, Bolan managed to generate the only true crowd excitement of his performance. Finally having the audience where he should have had them about an hour before, Bolan bounded off stage.

The only question left to be asked was whether T-Rex was not with its audience, or the audience wasn't with T-Rex. In my opinion, it was the latter. T-Rex has delighted the sceptical British audiences and your reviewer. T-Rex's performance was impeccable, however, the audience wanted smoke screens.

JOHN KRUG

That fellow Marjoe. Right up there in celluloid. He's not going around beat-up ghetto stool pigeons or engaged in the fine art of saving hospitals as other lead movie characters do these days, he's going another route to fame.

And he's driven by a warped sense of honesty mixed with opportunism, I would say.

You see, "Marjoe" (currently at the Metro Theater) is a filmed, true-to-life documentary of how a real son of a preacher grew up in the footsteps of his father (in more ways than one.)

Marjoe began his "evangelism," you might say, when he was just four, spreading the Good Word to all the downhome folks or plugging away at an accordion. It's all there in old photos and clips from home movies. Of course, his father wasn't all that righteous with the offering that was collected after little Marjoe did his thing. The same huckster-like attitude was passed on to the next generation, as he says so himself, now a man in his middle twenties.

The tent revivals and gospel meetings in "Marjoe" immediately reminded me of Mick Jagger in "Gimme Shelter" as he mesmerized people (especially with "Satisfaction.") Marjoe took Mick's whole choreography and his own fanatical pentacostal background and—Shazam!—out comes the slickest act since LBJ.

Marjoe sings "Thank You Jesus", and I wonder if they're going to release that as a single or include it on a movie soundtrack album aptly entitled "Two Faces Have I." The latter is explained in the scenes showing Marjoe's other life of sitting around with freaks meticulously outlining the "stealin'" in the name of the Lord shuck that he is.

Now that Marjoe has sold his life to the moviemakers, I wonder what he's

MARJOE

A FILM REVIEW



getting in return. Superstardom? More movies? A recording contract? After much thought, I think he exposed himself and his sort for mostly selfish reasons.

Somebody had to blow the whistle, you know, so why shouldn't I make a few bills on the side—that's what I think he's saying.

His bubbling over with honesty didn't make me feel comfortable at all. It reeks payoff all over it. Dollar signs dance in his eyes as he bounces about on a waterbed. The congregation's in the movie and what about them?

The tragedy they got into because there was nothing else around was so horrid that I found myself laughing at its absurd aspect. There is something wrong with that complacent feeling I had when I left the theatre on premiere night. I knew it was true, but will the people who are still being taken in by the Marjoes ever get to see this flick?

I hope so; if more of us find out that burdens have to be lifted here and now and not at some mystical Calvary somewhere, the better it will be for all concerned.

DENNIS GIANGRECO

The Free Clinic Benefits at Cowtown Ballroom always offer a rare display of local bands. The benefits generally have good audiences and the bands are free from the distractions they often get while jamming at Volker Park (police helicopters friskies, etc.). They're on a well lit stage with good people mixing the sound, knowing that the people out front came to hear THEM and not some big-name act whose bill they got stuck on. Hence, the bands and the audiences really get off good.

The most recent clinic benefit/tribal stomp on October 8th scored with some of the finest music I've ever heard in Cowtown. Arriving late, I hurried past the snack bar and the people dancing toward the back of the crowd and got up near the stage shortly after K.C. Grits, whose sound is known to many as "squid music" had started their set. Most of the audience was still cold but Grits was definitely ON—much improvisation, much guts with some surprising jazz riffs working in and out of the squid lines. The audience was starting to feel what was going on up there. Clay Kirkland, on mouth harp and Neil Haverstick, on guitar rode on plains of consciousness ebbing and flowing together like siamese twins. Brad Little on drums was a mass of arms and thin pointed wooden weapons tearing away at the reverberating wall around him in a dance of the gods with the bass player. Paul Hartfield on bass was exceptional. You've heard of people talking about a "walking bass"? Well, Paul's bass trucks. Karen Johnson was in good form. Although she often looked out of place when the musicians were working, she made an immediate impact with her raw powerful voice and did some fine things with Clay who would punctuate her lines

with his harp and add his own growling vocals. John Coffin's guitar would sing some easy rhythms, displaying much taste on slow blues numbers and contrasting nicely with Neil's screeching leads. Neil is an extremely profound guitar man who's finger work sometimes makes one wonder if he's a meth freak. He had an extremely good night and looked happily blown away both during and after the concert. The only hassle he seemed to have was getting in close enough to his amp to get the proper feedback (the amp was being miked and the stand was in the way). Most guitar players, by the way, make feedback. Neil PLAYS feedback and does it with an amazing amount of feeling and restraint. It's a pleasure to hear.

They ended their set with a stomping version of "Mojo Workin'", after which they got a well deserved encore. K.C. Grits left the audience feeling good but hungry for MORE. More music. ROCK A N D ROLL! It seemed fitting that the next band up was K.C.'s own dynamo kids, Momingstar.

A much different band from Grits, they had been under the spiritual direction of guru Mike Wagner who has been working his ass off for years to build a powerhouse like Momingstar. They came on strong and fast and it was soon evident that the powerhouse derived most of its energy from Janet Jameson on violin and vocals and drummer Greg Harris. They KNOW how to make people move. Janet comes across exuberant and somewhat bouncy but with a confidence and grace that comes from years of gigging. Her violin work has grown tremendously too. It looks as if she is finally mastering its use, she improvises more and gives it life while retaining its lyrical quality. Greg's work is tribal. Tribal

LOCAL YOKELS at COWTOWN

drumming for the stoned masses. He simply lays it out for the rest of the band to follow and they do steadfastly. Guitarist Jerry Chambers, bassman Scott Donaldson and their new organist Steve Starr are extremely competent musicians. I don't think I've ever seen them do anything really exceptional but they're always there and always on time (a bit restrained maybe?) and I suppose it is that that makes them, as a group, exceptional—they hang in there like fingers on a hand. All this, together with a female singer who plays an absolutely euphoric violin, is how Momingstar literally busted the audience apart at the seams last Sunday night.

The last band has been together since the prehistoric days of the early 60's (wheew!). The Chessmen Square under the new name Hummingbird. Generally they were a pleasant surprise. They were never really known for "git-it-on" ability but did some really fine rocky

stuff with angel harmonies. Unfortunately to the very stoned audience, they started to get more than a little frustrating in their songs were awfully short. With a few exceptions, all songs were about the length of those you'd hear on AM radio before they started playing "the long version" of singles that are on many albums. Whenever they'd reach a point in their songs, that either of the other groups would use to take off from they would just stop. No shit! Luckily, by the end of the set, they seemed to be sensing what was going on and actually did begin to get something moving but for a while earlier it was pretty scary.

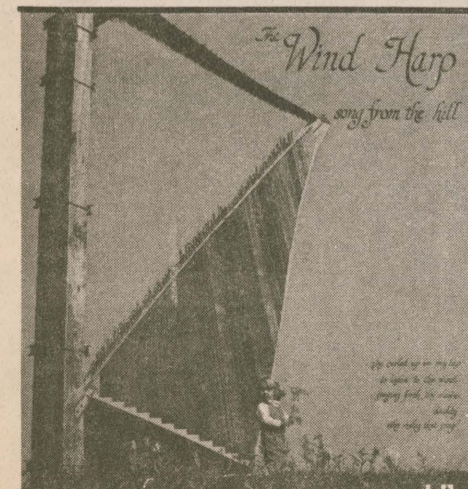
The important thing about all of these bands is that they all work solidly as units and that they have all been able to somehow eek out an existence in K.C. without going TOO crazy and somehow maintain their quality and funk. The other thing that weighs heavily on my mind is knowing that all three of these



Janet Jameson of Momingstar

groups are on a par with most of the "name" acts in the country and yet with a \$2 admission as a benefit for the Westport Free Health Clinic a lousy 475 people came to the show.

For a critique of my frustrations and vomiting over the sad lack of support mentioned above, stay tuned to next issue's Trolley Bones.



Wind Harp

Song from the Hill The Wind Harp United Artists

MURIAL MARS

When I first learned of the concept of the Aeolian Harp several years ago in an English class, the idea fascinated me. An Aeolian harp, often referred to by poets, is a harp played solely by the wind. This album gave me the opportunity to listen to a real wind harp. It is good, both because the idea of something played by the wind is so great and because of the actual music produced by the wind.

The existence of this album reflects an entire spectrum of artistic experience; visual, literary and musical.

The actual wind harp is a visual construction, a sculpture. Built by a yogin, Ward McCain, the wind harp stands on top of a hill. It is a beautiful sculpture, 25 feet tall and constructed mostly of wood. After the sculpture was completed, Ward McCain left the hill and did not return. He left the wind to play her harp. The sculpture is shown from several vantage points, in various seasons and at different times of the day on the album cover. The photographs, which are an integral part of the album experience, are well executed. They show the subject as

visual art.

The album also presents the literary experience of the wind harp. There are poems written by people who lived near the hill, close to the wind harp. These poems are reactions to hearing the harp, descriptions of the song. One of the poems was written by a four year old girl.

People came along and recorded the song of the sculpture. It is here that the musical experience is found. Side one is called "Cycle one: Seasons". It consists of "Beginnings", "Springsong", "Solstice" and "Summersong". Side two is "Cycle One: Seasons" and includes "Turnings", "Harvest", "Winterwhite", and "Circle's End". Sides three and four are "Cycle Two Elements". Side three is "Fire" and "Earth". Side four is "Air" and "Water". There are no words describing the seasons or the attributes of the elements but it is all here, just listen to the song.

It is difficult to describe what the song of the wind harp sounds like. Sometimes it is eerie and haunting, almost disturbing, but at the same time beautiful. It is the very essence of music. As one of the

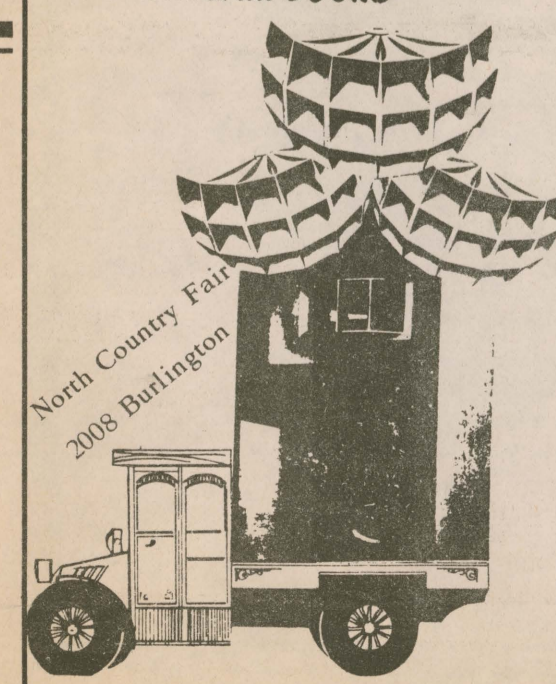
poems included says...

Sometimes she sounds like a ghostly house and sometimes like a flying saucer but mostly she sounds like everything singing far, far away.

Burger

Due to internal incompetence we lost your record review. Please send more. They will be guarded with our lives.

we deliver... SOUND



AND WISHBONE ASH!

#4.00
A \$4.50 DOOR

TUES OCT. 31 1973 7:30 AND 11:00

1030 MOLTON'S BIG BOY BEANERY

pinball



pj hammer

BROOKES DeSOTO

Waking up as he did on this unexpectedly cold Tuesday, Gilbert found it necessary to reach into the bindle bag he had made out of his coat and get all the extra clothes he had brought and shove them down inside the sleeping bag with him. It was

late May, the sun was already blasting back at him off the white backs of the houses on Ashland Street. He had found this weedy nook the previous night, walking as in a trance from the big wood porch at 4541 Ashland (North), seeing no hotel, ducked into the alley where a semi trailer had been sitting for a long time. It was some garage, and Gilbert figured there would be no one around it in the morning, so not thinking of rats, lay his weary head down and immediately dreamed of ballrooms and shotguns.

He hadn't been to Chicago before, and the trains between the Dan Ryan expressway had impressed him somewhat, although not as much as Michigan Avenue. He knew about the Stone's recording. He went to 2120 S Michigan and found that it was no longer Chess Studios but Sammy Dyer's School of the Theater. But that hadn't happened yet.

Gilbert was just waking to his first full day in Chi-town. He had come to see a girl he had met a long time ago on the most dreaded on-ramp in Southern California, the Barstow entrance to Interstate 70 East. She was long, blonde and a charmer. She was a feminist, and Gilbert found it a pleasant change of conversation. She was going to Tucson while Gilbert was pointed towards Kansas City, although his reasons were vague, as usual. They waited in the hot sun more than 17 hours with some 15 other road bums while the cars slid by as though rationed. In the dying hours of the next day, a Van of Deliverance stopped, and Gilbert, the girl, and another Guy With Dog gratefully got aboard. Gilbert was only too happy to have the girl sit on his lap the better part of the way to Flagstaff where they promised to write and traded addresses. They did. Soon 2 letters a week came, all in the neatest handwriting on yellow legal paper. Gilbert couldn't wait to see her again. He wondered if love by correspondence was possible. He didn't have his question answered until much later.

Out of the dream. He rolled the sleeping bag up and walked, slowly at first, back to 4541. He rang and jumped back, for the girl's dog had hated him on sight at yesterday's first meeting. The girl came to the door. Man, she was gorgeous, thought

Gilbert. Like an imp. Like a fox. He wanted her beside him very soon, in bed, alone in the darkness. There was nothing about her he didn't like. Her legs were very long, and had purple hose next to them.

She was just leaving for work, the warmth of her smile gave meaning to his day. Gilbert was really quite a sap. They walked in the dirty morning light under the old shade trees. The girl produced a fat joint and lit it. "I really gotta have this, you know. I'm trying to stop. I haven't eaten meat for 2 years and now I'm on fruits, vegetables and nuts, period. But this, (she held up the J), this is the last thing to go." They got to the office building and Gilbert found an out-of-the-way chair. The girl spent the day running the switchboard and joking with the other secretaries. Gilbert sat still and kept quiet.

"I know a good hotel you can stay at," she told him on the lunch break. "It's the Norman. It's not too far from my house. The rooms are only 6 bucks."

He found the sign on Wilson Street. The Norman Transient Hotel. Sleeping Rooms, 1 and 2 bedroom Apts. He found the old lady desk clerk and signed in. Two bums were loafing on the old furniture. Gilbert got room 1004 and, in the elevator, thought about the approaching evening. The girl had the Hotel's number.

for ken

KAY BONETTI

Hard core waistrels
rooted deaf
on the spot
we get drunk
on gimlets
undulant young strange
Hard Corps
death rock:
Talent taking a break
here in Throbbing Mr. B's.

Someone shouts
polite
that it is after all
good hard rock
polite
I nod yes and
mouth something about
the fine edge in your sound...

that
heals cut circuits
broken paths
pulls me down
our time together
so dreadful in this place
out of it
back

to hard core
Sound Farm days
when our tight little circles
kept us intense
rapping
always rapping
hard good work:
Eddie's tomatoes
Apple Wine
The Wine Cellar
Tin Cans
Fat Love Birds...
elaborate lies.

Skits
we called them:
Guy Ville of Muncie, Indiana
and the thirty-six bones
in the human
hand and toe
Stud Duts at the race track
Fast Eddie vs. Needle Dick the Bug Fucker
Father Gagnon and the dope ring...

Time
was East Living
about our giant
round oak dining table:
spaghetti Bonze cooked
(I think I hit it, Kay!)
salad I made
bread I baked
enormous quantities of
"modest" red wine
we bought by the gallon
at Katz Drug Store.
And of course I lost
my fickle friend
to the Summer Wind or
Miss Billie or
Jimmie Can't Believe Rushing
at least seventeen times a night.

Our Sound Farm:
suspension of dust.
And now the edge is all
in this Hard Corps rattle
of all our days.
Should I bless our hearts?
Croon all our names now
to bring it all back home?

Waistrels:
wafting down space
stunted fruit
dying back.

they have forgotten us

JOHN ARNOLDY

The empty road stretches like a single sleep through the remnants of Colorado. In the distance snow storms are draped over the silent mountains. In Utah and Nevada an even wind blows over pools of water in the deserted parking lots of closed MOTELS. On the outskirts of the tundra, ice locks the doors of our car. Above us the sky like a burning blue rock is impossible to look at. Shadows of boulder clouds lay fifty miles long over the grass and stones. Our tiny car disappears into the cave of these shadows like a telegraph message vanished into wires that have no end. We have come to the edge of Shoshone country. There is no one here. There is not a single building. Above the hills, cracked like our lips, a straight white line moves across the sky. At one end of the line there is a man but he cannot come any nearer. Only his mark is a part of this world and it will not stay like a line knifed into stone would stay. The Shoshone are here now only in the way that the ice is. They have taken back all of their marks on the world. All of the animals they had ever attracted have wandered off. Their smoke has been blown away. All of the designed sounds they put into the air and even the artifact of their footprints have been erased. Their knot is untied. They are not even the noise wind makes in stone canyons, they are less than the picture of a cloud on water, more absent than a lizard dream trapped under a rock. All during their journey their idea of us, once more gigantic than flames, grew dimmer. They traveled in the thin air beyond their own existence. We should have never left them alone. We should have put them in Zoo's if necessary. We should have put one in every home, in all of the shopping centers, we should have strapped them to stakes more numerous than telephone booths in every city. We could have carved the mark of our hatred on them forever if only we had been wiser. Now it is too late. We turned our backs on them and they walked on. They have forgotten us.

CIRCULATE THIS PETITION

T-SHIRTS



\$3.00 ea. ... BUT BRING THIS AD IN FOR ONE DOLLAR OFF


CHOOSEY BEGGAR
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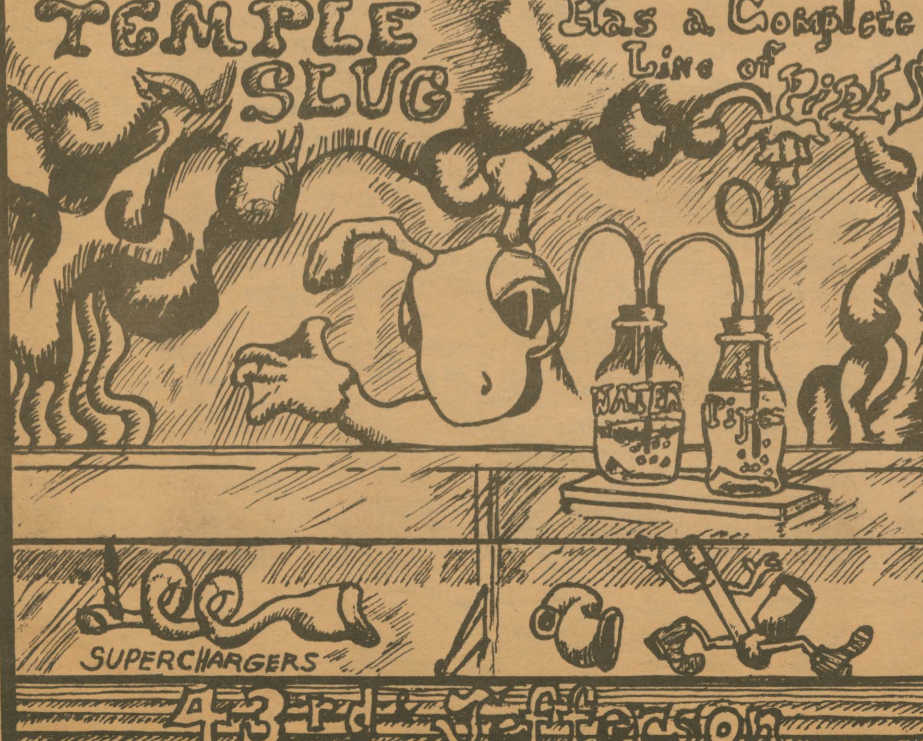
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43rd Jefferson




The Optical Shop

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WEDNESDAY

OCTOBER 11

SOUNDS The Hot Nuts, Ebenezer's, 309 Delaware, \$5 couple, \$3 single.
-Ahmad Jamel, Landmark, Union Station Call for information.

-Trisha Hodgden, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.

FLICKS "Gertrude Stein: When This You See Remember Me", 7:30 pm, Plaza Library.

-"Le Bonheur" directed by Agnes Vards plus a related short film, 7:30 pm, Kansas City Art Institute, Epperson Auditorium, Free.

THEATRE "Aida", KC Lyric Theatre, 7:30 Capri Theatre, Call

RADIO Women's Liberation radio program, 6:30 pm, KBEY.

LECTURE "Original Prints: Their History and Language", by George McKenna, Nelson Art Gallery, 2 pm.

DISCUSSION Orientation to Women's Liberation, 7:30, 3800 McGee

YOGA Hatha Yoga class given by Ananda Marga Yoga Society, 10 am, 5501 Forest, (also Philosophy discussion, 7:30 pm, same address)

-Kundalini Yoga class, 7:30 pm, 4815 Holmes, donation.

THURSDAY

OCTOBER 12

SOUNDS Tom Koob, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.

-UMKC Symphonic Band, 8:15 pm, Pierson Hall, UMKC, Free.

-Ahmed Jamel (see October 11th).

THEATRE "Yeoman of the Guard", KC Lyric Theatre, 8:15 pm, Call

SLIDES and sound "Kansas City, the Turned on Town", 7:30 pm, KC Museum of History and Science, 3218 Gladstone Blvd. Free.

FRIDAY

OCTOBER 13

SOUNDS Bluegrass Association concert, 8 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$2.00.

-Albert Kinchloe Band, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 75¢.

-Stoneface, 5 to 7 and 9 to 12:30, Ebenezer's, 309 Delaware, Cover charge, 50¢.

-Wayne Newton, 8 pm, Memorial Hall, 7th & Barnett, KC, Kansas, Tickets \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$5.50.

-Ahmed Jamel (see October 11th)

CALENDAR

FLICKS "Cane Camp" and "Elsa and Her Cubs", 10:30 am, Plaza Library.

-"The Tramp" with Charlie Chaplin and "The General" with Buster Keaton, 8:30 pm, Action Art Center, 111 West 5th St. Free.

THEATRE "Abduction from the Seraglio", KC Lyric Theatre, 8:15 p.m., Capri Theatre, Call

YOGA Kundalini Yoga class (see Oct. 11).

SATURDAY

OCTOBER 14

SOUNDS Folk Opry, "Revolution South of 75th Street", and featured performer, Judith Johnson, 8 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st St., \$1.50.

-Stoneface, 9 to 12:30, Ebenezer's, 309 Delaware, Cover charge, 50¢.

-Albert Kinchloe Band, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 75¢.

-Ahmed Jamel. (see October 11th).

THEATRE "Forty Carats" 8:30 pm, Jewish Community Center Theatre, 8201 Holmes, \$2.75 for Saturday performances, \$2.00 for other performances.

DEMONSTRATION Ceramics Demonstration, 12 to 3 pm, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th Free.

STORY HOUR "Spooks, Spirits and Shadowy Shapes", 2 pm, Children's Room of the Plaza Library.

-Story hour in the Children's Library of the Nelson Art Gallery, 2 pm.

RADIO Women's Liberation radio program, 6:30 pm, KBEY

PLANETARIUM "Thirty Days Hath September—the Calendar Story", 1:30, 2:30 and 3:30, KC Museum of History & Science, 3218 Gladstone Blvd., 50¢.



YOGA Hatha Yoga class, 10:30 am, Ananda Marga Yoga Society, 5501 Forest.

-Kundalini Yoga class (see Oct. 11th).

SUNDAY

OCTOBER 15

SOUNDS David Bowie, 8 pm, Memorial Hall, 7th & Barnett, KC, Kansas, \$5 and \$6.

-"New Jazz" Advertisement for a Dream Ensemble, 8 pm, Maiden America, 18 E. 39th Street, \$1.00.

-Civic Orchestra Concert, 8:15 pm, UMKC Pierson Hall, Free.

-Bill & Linda McCullough, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.

FLICKS "Marius", 2:30, Nelson Art Gallery Free.

-"Third World, Third World War", 2 & 8 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st, \$1.00.

THEATRE "Forty Carats" (see Oct. 14th)

FOLK DANCING 7 pm, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick.

PLANETARIUM (see October 14th):

LECTURE Forum Lecture "Issues in '72: The War", VVAW will show a film, "It's Only the Beginning", 10 am, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick.

MEETING Main Meeting of the Street Christians, 6:30 pm, 55th & Oak.

MONDAY

OCTOBER 16

SOUNDS Buddie Rich, at the Landmark, Union Station. Call for price and time information.

YOGA Hatha Yoga class, Ananda Marga Yoga Society, 7 pm, 5501 Forest.

TUESDAY

OCTOBER 17

SOUNDS Shake, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.

-Buddy Rich (see Oct. 16th)

FLICKS Images of Women Film Series, "Rachael, Rachael", 7:30, UMKC Haag Hall Annex, Room 116, 75¢.

THEATRE "Forty Carats" (see Oct. 14).

LECTURES "The Battle Between the Sexes" by Marshall Saper, Ph.D., 8 pm, Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes, \$1.50.

-"Introductory Lecture" given by the Student's International Meditation Society, 7:30 pm, Plaza Library.

-"Introductory Lecture" given by the Student's International Meditation Society, 1 & 7:30 pm, Johnson County Community College. Call for room information.

WEDNESDAY

OCTOBER 18

SOUNDS John Wood, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.

-University Symphony Orchestra, 8:15 pm Pierson Hall, UMKC. Free.

-Buddie Rich (see October 16).

FLICKS "Anything You Want to Be" and "Amelia Earhart" and "Fear Woman", 7:30 pm, Plaza Library.

-Universal Pictures' Kinetic Art Series, program two, "Et Cetera", "Miracle", "Elegia", "What Do You Think?", "Paris Mai 1968", "Tonight Let's All Make Love in London", 7:30 pm, Kansas City Art Institute, Epperson Auditorium, Free.

THEATRE "Forty Carats" (see Oct. 14).

RADIO Women's Liberation radio program, 6:30 pm, KBEY.

DISCUSSION Orientation to Women's Liberation, 7:30, 3800 McGee.

MEETING HRC (Human Resources Corp.) Board Meeting, 7:30 pm, City Hall Council Chambers. Open to the public.

YOGA Kundalini Yoga class (see Oct. 14).

-Hatha Yoga class (see Oct. 11).

THURSDAY

OCTOBER 19

SOUNDS Janet Fisher, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.

-Buddie Rich (see Oct. 16)

FLICKS "Beaver Valley", "Governor's Mansion", 7:30, KC Museum of History & Science, 3218 Gladstone Blvd. Free.

THEATRE "The Shadow of a Gunman", 8:30 The University Playhouse, UMKC.

-"Forty Carats" (see Oct. 14)

FRIDAY

Join the all day

OCTOBER FEST

AT

River Quay



14

Dixieland Band
Artists
Sidewalk Chalk Painting
Hopscotch Contest
Vote for Mayor of River Quay
Movies on Buildings (nite)
German Food and Beer

21

Rock Band
German Band
Brothers and Sister Singers
Building Painting
Free Movies on Buildings (nite)
Vote for Mayor of River Quay

28

German Band
Final Election nite for Mayor of River Quay
German Food and Beer
Movies
Street Games and contests

CHECK OUT THE HAUNTED HOUSE, OPEN NIGHTLY DURING THE OCTOBER FEST.

OCTOBER 20

SOUNDS Quicksilver Messenger Service, 8 Memorial Hall, 7th & Barnett, KC, Kans., Tickets, \$4.50 in advance, \$5.50 at door.
- "Calamity Bill" and "Great White Couch" two one-act plays, and folk music, 8 pm, Foolkiller, 809 E. 31st \$1.50.
- Wild Tree, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 75¢.
- Stoneface (see Oct. 13).
- Buddie Rich (see Oct. 16).

FLICKS "Autumn: Frost Country", "The Birch Canoe Builder", and "World in a Marsh", 10:30 am, Plaza Library.
- "Ephesus" and "Dead Birds", 8:30 pm, Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th, Free.
THEATRE "The Shadow of a Gunman" (see Oct. 19).

YOGA Kundalini Yoga class (see Oct. 11th)

SATURDAY

OCTOBER 21

SOUNDS Curtis Mayfield, 8 pm, Memorial Hall, 7th & Barnett, KC, Kansas, \$5.00.
- Folk Opry "Revolution South of 75th St." and a featured performer, 8 pm, Foolkiller 809 E. 31st, \$1.50.
- UMKC String Quartet, Chamber Music Series, 8:15 pm, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick, adults \$2, Student \$1.
- Wild Tree (see Oct. 20)
- Buddie Rich (see Oct. 16)
- Stoneface, (see Oct. 14)

THEATRE "The Shadow of a Gunman" (see Oct. 19)
- "Forty Carats", (see Oct. 14)

EXHIBIT Fiber Environment (in creation) Action Art Center, 111 W. 5th.

PLANETARIUM (see October 14)

YOGA Kundalini Yoga class (see Oct. 11)

-Hatha Yoga class (see Oct. 14)

RADIO Women's Liberation radio program, 6:30 pm, KBEY.

SUNDAY

OCTOBER 22

SOUNDS I sley Brothers and Main Ingredient, 8 pm, Municipal Auditorium.

- "New Jazz" Advertisement for a Dream Ensemble, 8 pm, Maiden America, 18 E. 39th St, \$1.00.

- Mimura Harp Ensemble, 3:30, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick. Free.

- Larry VanLoon, 8 pm, Nexus Coffee House, 8401 Wornall, 50¢.

FLICKS "Fanny", 2:30, Nelson Art Gallery, Free.

THEATRE "The Shadow of a Gunman", matinee, 2 pm, The University Playhouse UMKC.

- "Forty Carats", (see Oct. 14).

FOLK DANCING 7 pm, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick.

PLANETARIUM (see Oct. 14)

LECTURE Forum Lecture "Issues in '72: Welfare" by Daretta Henderson a representative of the National Welfare Rights Organization, 10 am, All Souls Unitarian Church, 4500 Warwick.

MEETING Main Meeting of the Street Christians, 6:30 pm, 55th & Oak

MONDAY

OCTOBER 23

YOGA Hatha Yoga class (see October 16)

TUESDAY

OCTOBER 24

FLICKS I mages of Women film series.

"Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf?", 7:30

UMKC, Haag Hall Annex, Room 116, 75¢.

THEATRE "Forty Carats" (see Oct. 14)

- "The Shadow of a Gunman" (see Oct 19)

LECTURE "Mental Illness and Sexual Role", Marshall Saper, Ph.D., 8pm, Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes, \$1.50.

WEDNESDAY

OCTOBER 25

FLICKS "Forbidden Games" and a related short film, 7:30 pm, Kansas City Art Institute, Epperson Auditorium. Free.

THEATRE "The Shadow of a Gunman" (see October 19)

- "Forty Carats" (see October 14).

RADIO Women's Liberation radio program, 6:30, KBEY.

DISCUSSION "Issues and Answers" meet your city and county officials, 8 pm, Jewish Community Center, 8201 Holmes, Free.

- Orientation to Women's Liberation, 7:30 3800 McGee.

LECTURE "Original Prints: Their History and Language", by George McKenna, Nelson Art Gallery, 2 pm.

YOGA Hatha Yoga (see October 11).

THURSDAY

OCTOBER 26

THEATRE "Forty Carats" (see Oct. 14)

- "The Shadow of a Gunman" (see Oct. 19).

LECTURE "Communications in the Space Age", by Gene Abshier, 7:30 pm, KC Museum of History and Science, 3218 Gladstone Blvd. Free.



FRIDAY

OCTOBER 27

SOUNDS Stoneface (see Oct. 13)

FLICKS "A Movie" by Bruce Conner and

"The Dutchman" by LeRoi Jones, 8:30

Action Art Center, 111 West 5th.

- "The World at the UN Plaza" and "Fear

Woman", 10:30 am, Plaza Library.

THEATRE "The Shadow of a Gunman", (see Oct 19).

YOGA Acarya Yatishearananda (Dadaji),

teacher, will be at the Ananda Marga

Yoga Society, 5501 Forest. Call 361-

361-8050 for information.

-Kundalini Yoga Class (see Oct. 11)

YOGA Kundalini Yoga class (see Oct. 11)

-Hatha Yoga class (see Oct. 14).

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THEATRE "Forty Carats" (see Oct. 14)

- "The Shadow of a Gunman", (see Oct. 19)

PLANETARIUM (see October 14)

RADIO Women's Liberation radio program, 6:30, KBEY.

STORY HOUR in the Children's Library of the Nelson Art Gallery, 2 pm.

YOGA Kundalini Yoga class (see Oct. 11)

-Hatha Yoga class (see Oct. 14).

SUNDAY

OCTOBER 29

SOUNDS "New Jazz" Advertisement for a

Dream Ensemble, 8 pm, Maiden America

18 East 39th St., \$1.00.

-Clay Dawson, voice. Graduate Recital

3:30 pm, Stover Auditorium, 4420 War-

wick Blvd. Free.

CONTINUED on page 10



Captain Diabolo for Mayor Pro-Tem of River Quay

BALLOTING EVERY SATURDAY

DURING RIVER QUAY'S

OCTOBER FEST

KBEY F.M. STEREO 104.3

JOHN DILLINGER



Part One **FREE** anti-satan kit with each book *B. De Soto*

A KID OF 21, JOHN HERBERT DILLINGER WAS CAUGHT TRYING TO ROB A BANK...



THE SENTENCE...

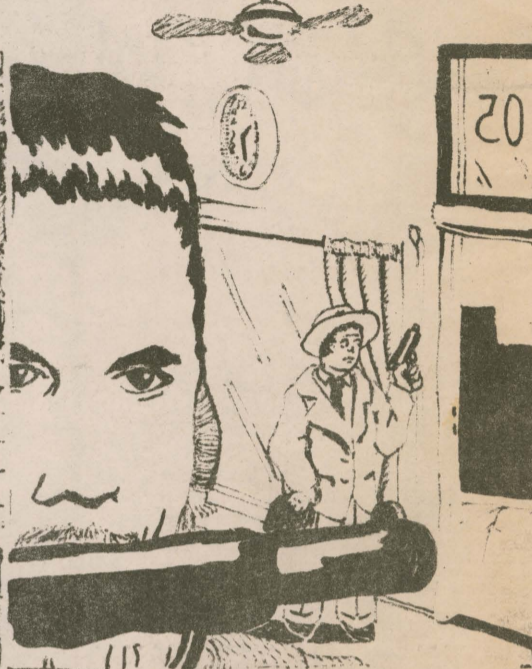
TEN TO TWENTY YEARS.



HIS FIRST GANG WERE FELLOW INMATES...



AND WHEN THEY BROKE OUT, HELL DID, TOO...



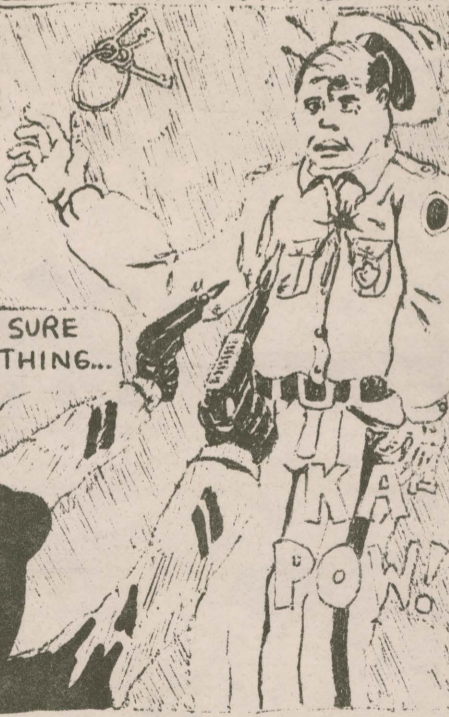
the manhunt for Dillinger at this time consists of agents of the F.B.I., the Indiana State Police, and Chicago's own 40 man Dillinger Squad

WHEN A MEMBER DID LAND IN JAIL, NO BIG DEAL...



We Come For That DILLINGER FELLA, Sheriff...

I see.. you Boys got ANY IDENTIFICATION



SURE THING...

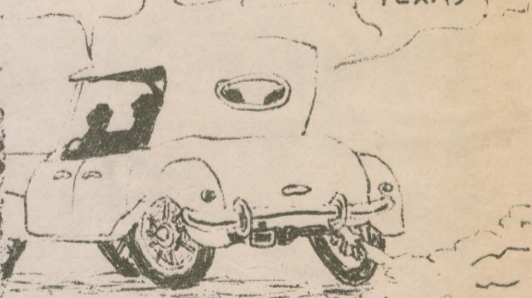
HEY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU TWO, WHY THE COPPER GET UPS?



OH, WE BEEN TO A PARTY, JOHN

Where To, BOSS?

AW.. LETS GO TO TEXAS



Next:
The Wooden Gun...



J. Campbell Arnolby SAYS:

AN ANAGRAM IS A PHRASE WHICH READS THE SAME FORWARDS AND BACKWARDS. A PERSONAL FAVORITE OF MINE IS ONE WHICH COULD'VE BEEN NAPOLEON'S MOTTO DURING HIS FIRST EXILE, NAMELY;

ABLE WAS I ERE I SAW ELBA